



On the
training
grounds,

where he
slept,

even if he
tried to hide
in the stables,

they hunted
him down.

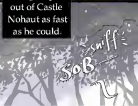
So, after the
vespers service
on the third day,



Galahad quietly
packed up his
belongings,



and galloped
out of Castle
Nohaut as fast
as he could.





Damsel, why
are you crying?

My poor Alfred.
I told him he was
no match for them,
and now
he's...sob
DEAD...

Between the soba,
Galahad himself of
the castle Dolorous
Guard, a strategic
keep on the banks of
the Humber and
another great river.

The lord of that castle
has a barbaric practice
of challenging any and
all passerbys to battle...

against ten of
his best knights
simultaneously.

That's
hardly
fair!

Good sir,
you had better
not pass further
on this road.





This late?
Is he completely
insane?









Yo.



You-

Don't blame me. I was being so quiet you didn't even notice.



But you're not going about this in a very smart way.

The conditions to pass the customs of this castle require you to defeat all ten knights at the first gate before sundown, which is why they left.

Plus, there's also gate number two, also with ten knights. You'll have to begin all over tomorrow morning, and they'll send fresh men to replace those that you took out.



Oh, and regarding that damsel in distress—she's the sister of the King of Northumbria's champion...are you idiotic enough to believe everybody that cries on your shoulder?

That's even more daftly than that damsel had relayed—

Haven't you realized by now that women are even more dangerous than men?



The next morning,
Gal had got up
at the crack of
dawn to get started.

A little after noon^o,
his arrow, and
the first set of
ten knights...

Well before noon^o
the second set of ten
knights had fallen.

My lord,

the Copper
Knight Brandon,
Lord of Dolorous
Guard.

has
fled.





All this time,
he had only been
thinking of one
person, the one
person he should
not be thinking of.

So he asked them,
as he would all
his life to knights
he defected, to
do the one thing
he wanted to do.

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Hie* thee to the
Queen of Logres,
kneel at her feet,
and swear thy
life to her.

This action was a fatal indulgence.



Stop standing
there moping
and lift this slab
up now!

Why?



It's said that the name and
lineage of the man destined
to overthrow the customs of
this place are written on his
future grave here.

That's
creepy...

But no one's
been able to
lift the slab off.

...and I don't
want to know.



Aren't you a knight
in my service?
Lift this right now!

Yes, my lady.





Here lies Lancelot du Lac,
son of King Ban of Benoic

Il Chevalier Mestais

The Knight Who Sinned

Chapter 3: Belorous Guard
(to be continued)

